Sand of the Desert in the Hour-Glass.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

A handful of red sand, from the hot clime
Of Arab desert brought,
Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,
The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been
About those deserts blown!
How many strange vicissitudes has seen,
How many histories known!

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite
Trampled and passed it o'er,
When into Egypt, from the patriarch's sight
His favorite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,
Crushed it beneath their tread;
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air
Scattered it as they sped;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth
Held close in her caress,
Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith
Illumed the wilderness;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms
Pacing the Red Sea beach,
And singing slow their old Armenian psalms,
In half-articulate speech;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate
With westward steps depart;
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of Fate,
And resolute in heart!

These have passed over it, or may have passed!
Now in this crystal tower
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand;
Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert with its shifting sand,
Its unimpeded sky.

And bore aloft by the sustaining blast,
This little golden thread
Dilates into a column high and vast,
A form and fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun,
Across the boundless plain,
The column and the broader shadow run,
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes! These walls again
Shut out the lurid sun,
Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain;
The half-hour's sand is run!

The ex-editor in "Jerrold's News" gives, in a late number, some interesting particulars in relation to the Quarterly, Edinburgh, and some other Reviews in Great Britain, with some anecdotes of well-known persons, which we copy:

The Quarterly Review did not make its appearance until 1809. The only writers were men of talent and great weight with the Tory party. Canning, Frere, Eilis, Southey, Croker, some of the High Church party, and even bishops, are said to have been among its contributors. It was sufficient for a work to be condemned in the Edinburgh to secure it laudation in the Quarterly. There were admirable articles in this Review upon subjects unconnected with politics. In its articles on classical literature it was far beyond the Edinburgh. Unfortunately too many were marked by statements wholly untrue, and by inexcusable political virulence; in religion it was intensely bigoted. I remember an attack upon Lady Morgan and her writings, so wholly beneath the self-respect of any educated pen, even the virulence of the Quarterly, that it attracted general attention.—Lady M., it was reported, attributed the paper to Croker. I remember expressing an opposite opinion, for though Croker was an uncompromising foe, never knew a blush, and was not at all remarkable for sticking at trifles, yet, as he moved in society among gentlemen, he must, I thought, have felt that, even in laying on the lash, to descend beneath the level of conventional manners always injured a cause, especially in the case of a female. Some years after I found I had been right; Croker was innocent of the charge; the article was Gifford's, and from him it came in the character of the man who was low in manners and vulgar in feeling to the last. How I knew this, and the writers of some other papers in that work, is too long a story to tell here. The papers of Southey were many of them confirmatory of the remark that the apostate from principle always becomes the most unrelenting enemy of the side he has forsaken. In private life Southey was very amiable and exemplary, but as a public character he was a bigot, after being a renegade. His articles always exhibited a strong taint of Jesuitism. Upon the resignation of Gifford in 1824, the Quarterly was edited by Mr. Coleridge, junior, the son of the poet, but only for a short time. He was by no means equal to such a task. The Quarterly then fell, through Sir Walter Scott's agency, into the hands of Mr. Lockhart, a man of genius and a scholar, where it now remains.

When the Edinburgh and Quarterly started there were extant, of the same class of works, the Monthly Review, the Critical, and British Critic. I remember seeing also some numbers of an English Review in my boyhood. This last was said to be established mainly through the instrumentality of a Dr. Thompson, a friend of Dr. Parr, and author of a book called "The Man in the Moon." The Monthly Review was established in 1749, and up to the time of the appearance of the Edinburgh in 1802 had a reputation. It was first the property of a Mr. Griffiths, who for a considerable time was the editor, assisted by Dr. Rose, of Chiswick, and a Mr. Cleveland; indeed it was said that they had originally projected it in concert. Old Jenkinson, the first Lord Liverpool, whose writings, Peter Pindar said, showed not a spark of fire until they were put into the grate, Dr. Charles Burney, not the musical Burney, but the Grecian, and Dr. Rose, of Encyclopædia renown, were contributors.—There was little attempt at essay writing, the work reviewed not being a peg to hang an elaborate dissertation upon, according to the modern system. There was little either that was discursive, while the opinions expressed were not always founded upon a far-seeing judgment. The British Critic was instituted principally through Archdeacon Nares, prebendary of Lincoln, not the Dr. Nares who wrote "Thinks I to Myself." I knew him well, both for a sound scholar and an excellent man. It was in his Review that Dr. Parr criticised the splendid edition of "Horace," which he had himself projected in concert with Dr. Combe and Mr. Homer, but out of which the doctor backed before the joint editorship commenced, perhaps thinking his coadjutors hardly equal to the task. When the book came out the numerous blunders in the Greek quotations caught Parr's sharp eye. He sent a notice of the work to Dr. Nares for the Review. This enraged Dr. Combe, who understood midwifery better than Greek. He rejoined in a letter to which Parr gave an answer in a pamphlet. Of the parties who started the Critical Review I do not recollect the names, if I ever heard them. All this class of reviews, eclipsed by their rivals of London and Edinburgh, have passed away. The superiority of these, always excepting their sacrifice of honest opinion to political antipathy and personal pique, when they chanced to clash together, did prodigious good in a literary sense, as well as in the diffusion of information. There was masterly writing in both, and the principles they supported were respectively upheld by the best possible arguments. In one respect the situation of the Quarterly was a painful one, owing to the exhibition by time of its falseness of position. Every advancing year saw some favorite dogma contravened, some past oracular announcement prove as false as if it had issued from the lips of a priest of Baal, in place of those of the sleekest and most rabid orthodoxy. The Edinburgh, on the contrary, saw its views continually carried out. The corn laws, for example, were part and parcel of the British constitution with the one, they were impugned by the other.—Even distinguished writers of the Quarterly, finding policy no longer tenable against truth and justice, altered their opinions to the adverse side. We may date from these reviews a new species of authorship rather than pure criticism, always excepting certain masterly articles directed solely to critical objects, on works that admitted no excuse for showing the cloven foot. Reviews are now multiplied; we have, or had, recently, two monthly, and nine quarterly, counting in the fathers of the family.

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Some of my first delights in reading poetry were received from the sonnets of Charlotte Smith. Like Jane Porter, she was compelled to write from pecuniary circumstances as much as inclination. Her husband had been unfortunate in life, and she contributed a considerable aid to their subsistence by this means. I have the small fourth quarto edition of these sonnets, bearing date in 1786, the publication of which she survived twenty years. It is printed for John Dodsley. It came to me from Jamaica on the death of an uncle there of yellow fever, being given to me by his executor. It is very dissimilar in appearance from editions of poetryin the present time. The adverse fortunes of Charlotte Smith chequered her career, and gave that melancholy egotism to her works which is one cause perhaps of their being so interesting. Of the novels of this lady, and she produced many, I remember "Marchmount" and the "Banished Man," I think, the "Old Manor" was also hers. The "Banished Man" was, as I recollect, an imaginary French emigrant. It was a tale of adventure, and did not display any very deep insight into the workings of the human heart. Gaethe's "Werter"—that piece of authorship which he might well wish to have blotted before his death—caught many youthful fancies at the time of its appearance, and for years subsequently, and several of Charlotte Smith's sonnets were supposed to be written by that ridiculous offspring of false taste. I remember reading it with pleasure the first time, and losing the immortality of the story in sympathy for the ideal sufferer. Neither the lapse in morals nor the want of fidelity to nature struck me; the truth being, perhaps, that in youth we forget the morality of a work when its appeals are to our sensibility.—Mrs. Smith died, I believe, in 1806, little beyond the middle age. The sonnets of the Rev. Lisle Bowles were among my youthful reading. I think the sonnet has been much undervalued in England as a vehicle for a single sentiment. We have some as good in their way as even the Italians can boast, but we want the taste to appreciate them, for of that commodity in literature as well as art we have but little. One is led to rank Bowles' poetic writings among the productions of an amiable, virtuous, reflective mind, tender, but never passionate, and touched with the cold correctness of the scholar rather than with the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." I saw him I think but twice among other company where he was not likely to stand out.

I have spoken of being subpœned before Sir Vicary Gibbs. He was the patron of Lord Gifford, an Exeter man, and son of a grocer, who contrived to get most of the briefs on the circuit near his native home. His elevation did Gibbs no more credit than his own career. Gifford was never meant for more than a common-place barrister—no one who knew him, but was of that opinion. Mind beyond his "trade" he had none. From his name coming uppermost, I just recal a case in court where he was present with Jekyl. The client of the latter was remarkable for wearing an enormous neckcloth. Jekyl began: "Gentlemen of the jury, the plaintiff in this case is Mr. F— W—, of T., a gentleman generally remarkable throughout this country for wearing a pillow round his neck and sometimes a bolster." The party was a friend of mine, to whose failing in the way of neckcloth I can bear witness.—Both rest now in the narrow house, Jekyl's fame for wit is yet remembered by the bar, especially in these days of dull barristers and matter-of-fact judges.

Absence of Mind.

Of his [the Earl of Dudley] extraordinary absence of mind, and his unfortunate habit of "thinking aloud," many amusing anecdotes have been in circulation. It is a fact that, when he was in the Foreign Office, he directed a letter intended for the French to the Russian Ambassador, shortly before the affair of Navarino; and, strange as it may appear, it attained him the highest honor. Prince Lieven, who never made any mistakes of the kind, set it down as one of the cleverest ruses ever attempted to be played off, and gave himself immense credit for not falling into the trap laid for him by the sinister ingenuity of the English Secretary. He returned the letter with a most polite note, in which he vowed, of course, that he had not read a line of it, after he had ascertained that it was intended for Prince Polignac, but could not help telling Lord Dudley, at an evening party, that he was "trop fin," but diplomatists of his [Prince Lieven's] standing were not so easily caught.

Lord Dudley was afflicted with what may not be improperly termed the disease of thinking aloud—that is, of unconsciously giving utterance to involuntary thoughts, which other men confide to the secret depository of their own breasts. An amusing anecdote of this singular failing of the mind is related of his lordship.

Lord Dudley had been invited to the house of a friend upon the occasion of some great fete, but being a man of early habits, had ordered his carriage at a certain hour, having some miles to travel before he could obtain his accustomed repose. To his great mortification, after repeated inquiries for Lord Dudley's carriage it had not arrived, and his lordship, as well as others, imagined that some accident must have happened to it. One of the guests, seeing how much his lordship was disconcerted by the event, very politely offered him a seat in his. The gentleman in question had to pass his lordship's house on his return home, and though he was almost a stranger to Lord Dudley, his rank and position in the country were, of course, well known to him, and the civility was no more than one gentleman would, under similar circumstances, have offered to another. Nevertheless, they had not been seated in the carriage more than twenty minutes when the peer, who, being tired, had, up to that moment, maintained a most perfect silence, observed, in a low but distinctly audible tone of voice—"I am very sorry I accepted his offer. I don't know the man. It was civil, certainly; but the worst is, I suppose, I must ask him to dinner. It's a deuce of a bore!" He then relapsed into his former state of taciturnity, when, after a few minutes, the gentleman, pretending to be afflicted with the same failing, and imitating his lordship's tone, observed—"Perhaps he'll think I did it to make his acquaintance. Why, I would have done the same to any farmer on his estate, I hope he won't think it necessary to ask me to dinner. I'll be damned if I'd accept his invitation!" Lord Dudley listened with earnest interest, immediately comprehended the joke which he had himself provoked, offered his hand with much happy good will to his companion, making every proper apology for his involuntary rudeness—and from that night the travelers became inseparable friends.

The Birds of Passage is the title of a little volume of sketches, by Mrs. Romer, Just published in England, by Bentley. The following sketch contains matter for reflection:

THE PARIS EXECUTIONER.—"The charge of public executioner of Paris has for many generations remained in the same family, and the race of Sanson or (*Monsieur de Paris*, as he is usually called—for the headsman and the Archbishop of Paris share in common the same title!) may claim the horrible privilege of having, during the last two centuries, not only spilled the blood of all that was most atrociously criminal and ignoble in the capital, but also, in more recent times, that of all that was purest, noblest, best in the kingdom—the blood of the royal martyrs, and of those whose fidelity to their cause led to their being involved in the same cruel fate.

What an awful chronicle might be compiled from the observations of this family! And yet these Sansons, born and bred to so detestable an inheritance that the heart sickens at the mere thought of it, and the imagination cannot divest itself of the idea that persons exercising their functions must necessarily be characterised by cruelty and brutality—these men, who are avoided as *Parias*, forbidden to enter into a public vehicle or a public theatre, repulsed with ignominious scorn from the bosom of the community, condemned to associate only with those of their own profession, and in short, treated in a way but too well calculated to make their minds overflow with bitterness towards the rest of mankind—are said to be good, mild, benevolent beings; exemplary in their domestic relations, and charitable in the highest degree to the poor! I remember having occasion, a few years ago, to go to a tradesman whose workshop was situated in the street inhabited by the executioner of Paris, exactly opposite to his house; and that, curious to know something of his fearful neighbours, I questioned the man about them, fully expecting to hear that they were *ogres* of the 'raw head and bloody-bone' tribe, objects of terror and execration to the whole neighborhood. What was my astonishment at learning that the patriarchal family of Sanson, of which three generations inhabited the same dwelling, were full of the milk of human kindness, respected throughout the district for the purity of their lives and their extensive charities to the poor, and that the borreau himself was remarkable for a certain degree of refinement in his tastes and habits, his leisure hours being devoted to the cultivation of flowers, and playing on the piano!—The man further added that "*Monsieur de Paris*' lived in very solid comfort, that his house was very handsome, and that the income accruing from his salary and perquisites amounted to above twenty thousand francs a year, a large portion of which was given away in alms to the destitute.

'Allez, madame,' said my informant, in conclusion, 'si tout le monde fassit autant de bien que le Bourreau de Paris, il n'y aurait gueres de malheureux!"

Female Influence.

How much influence women exercise in society! They need not busy or bestir themselves to increase it, the responsibility under which they lie is heavy enough as it is. It is a trite remark this; but I wish that all women could be brought conscientiously to reflect, as some few of them certainly do, upon the account that they shall be able to render for the powers they do or might have exercised. To say nothing of that brief, but despotic sway which every woman possesses over the man in love with her—a power immense, unaccountable, incalculable, but in general so evanescent as but to make a brilliant episode in the tale of life,—how almost immeasurable is the influence exercised by wives, sisters, friends, and most of all by mothers! Upon the mother, perhaps most of all, the destiny of the man, as far as human means are to be regarded, depends. Fearful responsibility! and by too many mothers how carelessly, how thoughtlessly, how frivolously, how almost wickedly, is the obligation discharged.—*Angela.*

Hide Them Away.

BY ANN PAGE.

Hide them, O hide them all away—
His cap, his little frock;
And take from out my aching sight
Yon curling, golden lock;
Ah, once it waved upon his brow!
Ye torture me anew,—
Leave not so dear a token here—
Ye know not what ye do!

Last night the moon came in my room,
And on my bed did lie;
I woke, and in the silver light
I thought I heard him cry,
I leaned toward the little crib,
The curtain drew aside
Before, half-sleeping, I bethought
Me, that my boy had died!

Take them away! I cannot look
On aught that breathes of him!
Oh, take away the silver cup,
His lips have touched the brim;
Take the straw hat from off the wall,
'Tis wreathed with withered flowers;
The rustling leaves do whisper me
Of all the loved lost hours.

The rattle, with its music balls—
Oh, do not let them sound!
The dimpled hand that grasped them once,
Is cold beneath the ground.
The willow wagon on the lawn
Through all my tears I see;
Roll itaway, Oh, gently roll
It is an agony!

His shoes are in the corner, nurse,
His little feet no more
Will patter like the falling rain
Fast up and down the floor.
And turn that picture to the wall—
His loving, mournful eye
Is piercing through my very heart—
Again I see him die!

Oh, anguish! how he gazed on me
When panted out his breath!
I never, never knew before
How terrible was death.
My boy—my own—my only one—
Art thou for ever gone?
O God! help me to bear the stroke
That leaves me all alone!

Remarkable Story.

In Sir Jonah Barrington's "Personal Sketches of his Own times," we find the following remarkable story. A Mrs. O'Flaherty and a Mr. Lanegan, private tutor to her son, were arrested for the murder of her husband by poison. The lady betrayed her accomplice and fled, and Lanegan was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged and quartered at Dublin:

A Templar and a friend of mine, Mr. David Lauder, a soft, fat, good-humored, superstitious young fellow, was sitting in his lodgings (Devereux Court, London,) one evening at twilight. I was with him, and we were agreeably employed in eating strawberries and drinking Madeira. While chatting away in cheerful mood, and laughing loudly at some remark made by one of us, my back being toward the door, I perceived my friend's color suddenly change; his eyes seemed fixed and ready to start out of his head; his lips quivered convulsively; his teeth chattered; large drops of perspiration flowed down his forehead, and his hair stood nearly erect.

As I saw nothing calculated to excite these emotions, I naturally conceived my friend was seized with a fit, and rose to assist him. He did not regard my movements in the least, but seizing a knife which lay on the table, with the gait of a palsied man, retreated backward, his eyes still fixed, to a distant part of the room, where he stood shivering, and attempting to pray; but not at the moment recollecting any prayer, he began to repeat his catechism, thinking it the next best thing he could do: as, 'What is your name? David Lauder! Who gave you that name? My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism!' etc. etc.

I instantly concluded the man was mad; and turning about to go for some assistance, was myself not a little startled at sight of a tall, rough-looking personage, many days unshaved, in a very shabby black dress, and altogether of the most uncouth appearance. The stranger and I stood motionless; at length he broke silence, and addressing my friend, said, in a low croaking voice, 'Don't be frightened, Mr. Lauder; sure 'tis *me* that's here.'

When Davy heard the voice, he fell on his knees, and subsequently flat upon his face, in which position he lay motionless.

The spectre (as I now began to imagine it was) stalked toward the door, and I was in hopes he intended to make his exit thereby; instead of which, however, having deliberately shut and bolted it, he sat himself down in the chair I had previously occupied, with a countenance nearly as full of horror as that of Davy Lauder himself.

I was now totally bewildered; and scarce knowing what to do, was about to throw a jug of water over my friend, to revive him if possible, when the stranger, in his croaking voice, cried, 'For the love of God, give me some of that, for I am perishing!' I hesitated, but at length did so; he took the jug and drank immoderately.

My friend Davy now ventured to look up a little, and perceiving that I was becoming so familiar with the goblin, his courage somewhat revived, although his speech was still confused; he stammered, rose upon his knees, held up his hands as if in supplication, and gazed at the figure for some time, but at length made up his mind that it was tangible and mortal. The effect of this decision on the face of Davy was as ludicrous as the fright had been.—He seemed quite ashamed of his former terror, and affected to be stout as a lion, though it was visible that he was not at his ease. He now roared out in the broad, ourning Kerry dialect—'Why then, blood and thunder, is that you, Lanegan?'

'Ah, sir, speak low!' said the wretched being.

'How the devil,' resumed Davy, 'did you get your four quarters stitched together again, after the hangman cut them off of you at Stephen's Green?'

'Ah! gentlemen,' exclaimed the poor culprit, 'speak low; have mercy on me, Master Davy; you know it was I taught you your Latin. I am starving to death!'

'You shall not die in *that* way, you villainous schoolmaster!' said Davy, pushing toward him a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine that stood on the table; but standing aloof himself, as though not yet quite decided as to the nature of the intruder.

The miserable creature having eaten the bread with avidity, and drunk two or three glasses of wine, the lamp of life once more seemed to brighten up. After a pause, he communicated every circumstance relating to his sudden appearance before us. He confessed having bought the arsenic at the desire of Mrs. O'Flaherty, and that he was aware of the application of it, but solemnly protested that it was *she* who had seduced *him;* he then proceeded to inform us that after having been duly hanged, the sheriff had delivered his body to his mother, but not until the executioner had given a slight cut on each limb, just to *save the law;* which cuts bled profusely, and were probably the means of preserving his life. His mother, conceiving that the vital spark was not extinct, had put him into bed, dressed his wounded limbs, and rubbed his neck with hot vinegar. Having steadily pursued this process, and accompanied it by pouring warm brandy and water down his throat, in the course of an hour he was quite sensible, but experienced hard pains for several weeks before his final recovery. His mother filled the coffin he was brought home in with bricks, and got some men to bury it the same night in Kilmainham burial ground, as if ashamed to inter him in open day. For a long time he was unable to depart, being every moment in dread of discovery; at length, however, he got off by night in a smuggling boat, which landed him on the Isle of Man, and from thence he contrived to reach London, bearing a letter from a priest at Kerry to another priest who had lived in the borough, the purport of which was to get him admitted into a monastery in France. But finding the Southwark priest was dead, he then went to Scotland, using various disguises; and returning to town, was afraid, though possessing some little money sent him by his mother, even to buy food, for fear of detection; but recollecting that Mr. Lauder, his old scholar, lived somewhere in the Temple, he had got directed by a porter to the lodging the night before.

My friend Davy, though he did not half like it, suffered this poor devil to sit in the chamber till the following evening. He then procured him a place in the night coach to Rye, from whence he got to St. Vallery, and was received, as I afterward learnt from a very grateful letter which he sent to Lauder, into the monastery of La Trappe, near Abbeville, where he lived in strict seclusion, and died, as I heard, some years since.

Dr. Knox (Medical Times) describes the Saxon as "the fair-haired, blue-eyed race; the fairest race on the earth; perhaps the only absolutely fair race which has ever occupied the surface of the globe."

T. B. Macaulay and Thomas Carlyle.

Macaulay's sense of beauty is keen, but not deep; his enthusiasm has no central fire; his convictions want depth, and, as a consequence, his eloquence, with all its apparent earnestness, wants force. The surface of his mind is large and active; but its regions below remain untroubled. The consequence is, that he has no influence on his age. He flatters the indolence of his readers; he does not stimulate their minds.—He delights; he does not aspire. In reading him, we do not feel that his soul is speaking from its depth to the depth of ours. Compare him with Carlyle. Two more opposite men cannot be named in the same breath. Macaulay, clear, definite, elegant, methodical; crowding his pages with antithesis and illustrations; more solicitous about the fall of a period than about the accuracy of his assertion; grouping details into a picture; fond of paradox, yet never probing beneath the surface; expert in polemics, yet seldom fighting for great truths; captivating by the grace, and dazzling by the gorgeousness, of his diction, and leaving upon the reader's mind no more durable impression than that which a splendid spectacle leaves upon the mind of a theatrical audience.—Carlyle,—rugged, mystical, abrupt, immethodical, unmusical, vehement, scornful, sarcastic, sardonic, and humorous; rich also in pictures; inordinately fond of paradox, but profoundly serious; striving at all times to see into the depths of things; disdainful of ordinary rules of composition, disdainful of all elegancies, graces, and shams of life and of literature; forever appealing to the soul of man, and bidding him remember that he is in the presence of the Infinite; sternly recalling those awful facts of life which frivolity endeavors to gloss over; fiercely preaching the imperative nature of duty and of earnestness; speaking in prophet tones to a heedless generation; mingling the quaintest imagery and wildest buffoonery with the saddest pathos and the dreariest gloom; a sceptic, yet a prophet; amidst alternate laughter and alternate tears, alternate exhortation and alternate contempt; he does not dazzle, he provokes, he does not captivate, he inspires; and the impression he leaves upon the mind is various and abiding, as that left by a tragedy of Shakspeare. As specimens of literature, in the limited sense of the word, Macaulay's writings are immeasurably superior; but if literature be something more than the amusement of cultivated intellects, something more than an intellectual luxury, for the dissipation of leisure hours, Carlyle's superiority is unmistakable. Macaulay has delighted thousands. This is no slight thing, and we should be the last to undervalue it. But he has materially bettered no one. He has deepened no man's convictions, he has given fresh strength to no human soul. His influence on his generation has been null.—Carlyle, though scorned by many for his offences against literary taste, and though dreaded by others for his reckless treatment of great questions, has nevertheless, produced a visible influence on the minds of his contemporaries; he has given a direction to their thoughts, and has suggested so much thought that he is rightfully regarded as a teacher. This fact there is no gainsaying. Think what we may of the influence, be it evil or be it good, it is there. We could name more than one distinguished ornament of the church, whose rise has been rendered impossible because of the Carlyle "taint." We,—that is, the present writer—feel called upon here distinctly to declare, that with scarcely any living author have we less agreement than with Carlyle; yet we are, nevertheless, sensible of a great benefit derived from his writings. There is an indirect teaching not less valuable than the direct teaching. No serious thinker writes in vain. Carlyle has his affectations, his shams; but he has his realities. Had he not lived, some of the most active minds of our generation would have been different; they would assuredly have been as active, it may be, wiser, but certainly different.—Now, it is impossible, we think, to say that any human being would have been otherwise had Macauley never written. Some few might have written less picturesquely and less elegantly, but no human soul would have been poorer.—*The British Quarterly for February.*

Hope.

Hope sang a song of future years,
Replete with sunny hours;
When present sorrow's dew-like tears
Should all be hid in flowers.

But Memory backward turned her eyes,
And taught the heart to fear
More stormy clouds, more angry skies,
With each succeeding year.

But still Hope sang, as by that voice
Such warnings sad were given,
In louder strains bade youth rejoice,
And age look on to heaven.

Flowers.

A great many pretty things have been said of pretty women and flowers, but the real use of both have been overlooked.—Flowers and women seem to us the sunshine of the world, and one of the strongest arguments to prove that God is wise and good, is the fact that he neither forgot the one or the other in the multiform work of creation. How the flowers spangle over and beautify the hard, rough earth. Their meek and quiet beauty steals into all hearts, young and old. They are welcome every where. Go into the country and bring home roses, or poppies, as luck will let you, and the little children in the street will follow you, the nicely dressed child, and the ragged and dirty faced little one; all will throng your path, saying in words, or longing looks, "please give me a flower."

Flowers never disappoint us, as the women (heaven bless them!) do sometimes, but they would not if we did not expect too much of them. Of the flowers we ask only beauty and fragrance. We do not look to them for a future. Enough that they fill the present with an odorous blessing.

We have always a thrill when we see flowers in the window, and we like to see a man who wears a pink, or a rose in a button-hole. There is a pleasant association with the flower if not with him, for we are certain fair hands placed it there. Then when we see plants in the window of a house, be it ever so humble, we are sure there is no scolding there, and if from sad experience we find that the fair cultivators of the roses do scold, we comfort ourselves by thinking how much worse they would be without the flowers.

A pot of roses, a pink, a geranium, a belictrope, how they brighten the home of poverty. How we forfet the cheap, ugly chest of drawers, the hard, old and defaced chairs, the thread-bare, poverty-struck carpet, when we see these unfolding their beauty and sweetness in the windows. A well mended frock and a clean pin-afore are sure to keep them company, on a child, who though poor, may be as pretty as any poetry.

We bespeak flowers. We want our path literally strewed with them. They are a necessary of life here. In another and better world they may be a luxury.

The Poetry of Science.

The London Examiner, noticing Mr. Hunt's recent publication, the "Poetry of Science," glances at some of the recent marvels of fact which have taken the place, in the popular mind, of the ancient marvels in the imaginations of men:

"Science," it says, "has gone down into the mines and coal pits, and before the safety-lamp the Gnomes and Genii of those dark regions have disappeared. But, in their stead the process by which metals are engendered in the course of ages; the growth of plants which, hundreds of fathoms under ground, and in black darkness, have still a sense of the sun's presence in the sky, and derived some portion of the subtle essence of their life from his influence; the histories of mighty forests and great tracts of land carried down into the sea, by the same process which is active in the Mississippi and such great rivers at this hour; are made familiar to us. Sirens, mermaids, shining cities glittering at the bottom of the quiet seas, and in deep lakes, exist no longer; but, in their place, science, their destroyer, shows us whole coasts of coral reef constructed by the labors of minute creatures; points to our own chalk cliffs and limestone rocks, as made of the dust of myriads of generations of infinitesimal beings that have passed away; reduces the very element of water into its constituent airs, and re-creates it as her pleasure. Caverns in rocks, chokec with rich treasures, shut up from all but the enchanted hand, science has blown to atoms, as she can rend and rive the rocks themselves; but in those rocks she has found, and read aloud, the great stone book which is the history of the earth, even when darkness sat upon the face of the deep. Along their craggy sides, she has traced the foot-prints of birds and beasts, whose shapes were never seen by man. From within them she has brought the bones, and placed together the skeletons of monsters that would have crushed the noted dragons of the fables at a blow. The stars that stud the firmament by night are watched no more from lonely towers by enthusiasts or impostors, believing, or feigning to believe, those great worlds to be charged with the small destines of individual men down here; but two astronomers, far apart, each looking from his solitary study up into the sky, observe, in a known star, a trembling which forewarns them of the coming of some unknown body through the realms of space, whose attraction at a certain period of its mighty journey, causes that disturbance. In due time it comes, and passes out of the disturbing path, the old star shines at peace again; and the new one, ever more associated with the honored names of Le Verrier and Adams, is called Neptune! The astrologer has faded out of the castle turret-room, (which overlooks a railroad now,) and forebodes no longer that because the light of yonder planet is diminishing, my lord will shortly die; but the professor of an exact science has arisen in his stead, to *prove* that a ray of light must occupy a period of six years in travelling to the earth from the nearest of the fixed stars; and that if one of the remote fixed stars were "blotted out of heaven" today, several generations of the mortal inhabitants of this earth must perish out of time, before the fact of its obliteration could be known to man!"

A Bill Discounter in Jerusalem.

I was standing in the English Magazine, before alluded to, which is kept by a civil Maltese, who deals in almost every thing, and which establishment, by the way, a traveller soon learns to look upon with much more respectful feelings, I was accosted by a greasy and venerable Jew, who offered to discount any paper, of any sort, I might possess. As I was just on the look-out for some Jew to take me to the Synagogue on the following day, we soon struck a bargain. He was to discount my bill and take me to the Synagogue. English credit is certainly first-rate in Jerusalem.—He knew nothing of me or of the bill either, except that I was an Englishman and the bill was an English bill; but that was quite sufficient. On the following morning at seven o'clock, according to appointment, I repaired to his house, which, though the exterior was shabby, was, as is usually the case, furnished with comfort and elegance within. Mr. Cohen was not an interesting Jew. He was not one of the men who, with sternness in their faces and patient faith in their hearts, had come to die and be buried beneath the shadow of their fallen temple. On the contrary, he seemed to have made himself unbefittingly uncomfortable, and to be thriving in a most uncalled-for manner. As we were setting together, I caught a glimpse of an extremely handsome face, surmounted by a picturesque head-dress, peeping in at the door. "His daughter, or perhaps his granddaughter," thought I. Nothing of the sort: I found she was his wife. To complete the unfavorable impression, he did not even attend the service of the Synagogue, but, excusing himself on the plea of "business," sent his servant to accompany me. Perhaps I did him injustice, but a suspicion crossed my mind that he had an eye to the honorarium which I might bestow on the servant for his trouble.—*The Pipe of Repose.*

First Sight of Jerusalem.

The approach by the Gaza road is perhaps the least favorable for a first impression of Jerusalem. When, after surmounting one by one the rugged summits of the surrounding mountains, expecting every moment to look down on the holy city, a bare wall and a Turkish fort sneaked unanimously into view before me, I must candidly own that I did not experience any of those powerful emotions which a first view of Jerusalem might be expected to awaken. Some people seem to have their feelings in such admirable discipline, that they have but to say to a sensation, "Come," and it comes; but such is not the case with me.—Yet to a traveler approaching by almost any other route, when he looks down upon the city, and sees at a glance all the objects which remind him of her ancient glory and present degradation, the sight can scarcely fail to call up sensations of the most vivid description. But the view that I saw reminded me of nothing more than that Jerusalem is a Turkish town of some 15,000 inhabitants.—*The Pipe of Repose.*

"With the old Saxons," says Dr. Knox, (*Medical Times,*) "land could not become the especial property of any individual; it belonged to the people. Property in land was introduced by the Roman and Norman laws, and adopted clumsily by the Saxons; 'whatever they adopted they did it clumsily,' is the expression of Sir F. Palgrave."

The following touching lines are taken from Douglass Jerrold's weekly:

ON THE DEATH OF BERNARD BARTON.

We weep! (for MAN has lost "a friend"
In loosing thee), but still
Rejoice; that Death so mildly wrought
Thy Heavenly Father's will.

Peaceful and pangless was thine end;
And friendship scarce repines
Over a Death so like thy Life—
A sequel to thy lines.

Ipswich. THOMAS SHERTON.

The Two Lovers.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Singing down a quiet valley,
Singing to herself she went,
And, with wing salant, the zephyr
To her cheek with kisses leant.

Dainty with the golden blossoms
Of the mulberry's silver braid,
Were the windings of the valley
Where the singing maiden stayed.

Where the river mist was climbing
Thin and white along the rocks,
On a hollow reed sat piping,
Like a shepherd to his flocks;

One whose lip was scarcely darkened
With the dawn of manhood's pride,
With his earnest eyes bent downward
To the river's voiceless tide.

Answering to his pleading music
Smiled a lovelit, girlish face,
Folded by the placid waters
In their chilly, cold embrace.

Like the summer sunshine parted
By the white wing of a dove,
Like the mist that sweetly trembles
Round the pensive star of love;

Were the pale and wavy ringlets
Drifting on the pearly tide,
While the music, wilder deeper,
On the hushed air rose and died.

Treading down the golden blossoms
Of the mulberry's silvery braid,
Struck a steed, with lordly rider,
Toward the half-enchanted maid.

Like a rose-cloud from the sunset,
Like the love-light from a dream,
Fled the wildering shade of beauty
From the bosom of the stream.

Haunted by the cherub beauty
He could woo not from the wave,
Day by day the boy grew sadder,
And went pining to the grave.

Singing down the quiet valey,
Singing as the day grows dim,
Walks the maiden, but her visions
Blend not with a thought of him!

The Valley of Jehoshaphat.

Turning down to the left, I entered the valley of Jehoshaphat, the great burying place of the Hebrew nation. Studded with plain rough tombstones, laid flat upon the ground so that the hand of violence can scarcely injure them, it seems a fitting place for the children of oppression to repose. Here their great forefathers, prophet and warrior, sleep; and here, gathered from all corners of the earth, the tribes of the wandering foot have at length found rest. Some, escaped from the tyranny of the Muscovite; some from the hatred and scorn of Rome; and not a few (but, thank God! these tombs are gray,) from the fierce oppression of England. With what feelings must Sir Moses Montefiore, dignified by this country with the double honors of science and of rank, have stood among these tombs.—*The Pipe of Repose.*

Jenny Lind and her Flowers.

That gifted young lady, Mad'lle Jenny Lind, who is making such praiseworthy use of the great talent entrusted to her care from above, is as fond of plants and her garden as any of our readers can be. She has a villa on the west side of London, which is regularly furnished with pot flower by a nurseryman, a friend of mine. He says he never brings her a lot of fresh plants without her expressing her fear that he is taking too much trouble about her plants, and charging too little for them. How different from the general rule! Poor fellow! he was taken very badly with the influenza a few months since, and this charming lady would steal away from the great world and sit in his lonely chamber, as if he were the greatest man in London; and after her soothing consolations, and other marks of her great kindness of heart, when he would tell her how such and such plants should be managed till he got better, she would express herself as the party most served. I hardly know how the simple tale will read in print, but it seems to do one good to write about it.—*Mr. D. Beaton, in the Cottage Gardener.*

Lamartine and the Tricolor

The mayors of the 10th and 11th arrondissement of Paris, accompanied by several officers of the National Guard, waited on M. de Lamartine on Saturday, to present him with the tricolor flag, which was borne by citizens of the two arrondissements from the chamber of Deputies to the Hotel de Ville on the 24th February, and which was the first that was displayed on the proclamation of the republic. The mayor of the 10th arrondissement, in presenting the flag, said to M. de Lamartine, that it could not be better placed than in the residence of one of the citizens who had most honorably defended it. M. de Lamartine expressed his gratitude. "The flag," he said "will be doubly dear to me because it is the first that covered the cradle of the republic, and because it was the first also which gave to the republic the character of nationality, moderation, unanimity, and tradition with our noble souvenirs. If ever the republic should be attacked, either by those who exaggerate it, or by its enemies, you will rally here under its colors, and they will find in you the same heroism as they found in me the same voice and the same arm to defend it."

The British Museum.

A return moved for by Mr. W. Ewart, M. P. shows that the total number of volumes of printed books received, from 1844 to 1847 inclusive, under the Copyright Acts, by the trustees of the British Museum, amounts to 55,474; and the number of parts of volumes, including music, to 80,047. The number of maps, charts, &c. received since 1842, amounts to 187, and the number of parts of maps, &c., to 131. The total number of volumes of printed books contained in the library of the Museum at the end of the year 1848 amounted to about 435,000; the number of maps, plans, and charts, to 10,221; the volumes of MSS. to 29,626; the rolls of various kinds to 2,946; the number of charters and instruments to 23,772; the number of MSS. on reed, bark, and folded, to 203; the number of papyri to 55; and the number of seals and impressions to 851.—*Jerrold's News.*

The Desert—Two Sides to the Picture.

Ye who, seduced by golden pictures of the desert, long for "the city where it is night at one gate and morning at the other," who have seen, in fancy, the pawing Arab, and listened to the songs of Antar; but have not seen the filth, and the vermin, and the abominable feast of—of carnal macaroni—go try it, and die of disgust in a week, or return and thank God night and morning for civilisation. Or, what is more practicable, read Stephens, think better of it, and stop at home.—*The Pipe of Repose.*

Alexandre Dumas, who boasted that he earned £6,000 a year by his pen, has declared himself insolvent, surrendered all his effects, and sought the protection of the courts.—*Jerrold's News.*